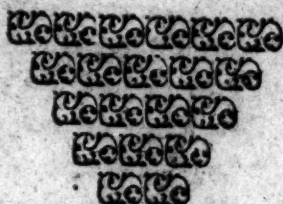


THE  
 Quakers Sermon  
 ON THE  
 UNION:

Being the only SERMON  
 preach'd and printed, by that  
 Sort of People, on that Sub-  
 ject.



L O N D O N

Printed: And sold by *Benj. Bragge*,  
 at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1707.  
 (Price Two-pence)

THE

Quarterly

OF THE

REVOLUTION

being the only  
printed and printed by the  
of people on the

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OF THE  
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OF THE

LONDON  
Printed: And sold by  
at the Revolution in France  
(1793-1794)

# EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Courteous and Civil Reader,

**I***t is the Custom of the World to make Apologies before Books, and I comply with that Custom, not for Formality's Sake, but that it is reasonable and just, and Self-defensive.*

*I know there will be many Objections against this Sermon, the which it is convenient to obviate. Some will say, What have the Quakers to do with the Union? I say, We have to do with the Union; for Peace and Union are our avow'd Principles, and ever were: And we pay as much Respect to the QUEEN of the UNION, as any loyal People ought to do.*

*Another Objection will be, Why was it not publish'd sooner? (Thus a Man's Modesty becomes his Crime!) Thou know'st, Reader, that at that Time Abundance of Sermons were printed, which had been beld forth in the Pulpit by Men of Learning and Parts, adorn'd with all the Beauties of Rhetorick, and Gayety of Eloquence; these were universally read and admir'd. Now, for a Quaker to print his plain honest Sermon at that Time, would have been like putting a Child into the crowding Throng, to have it trampled under,*



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## Epistle to the Reader.

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*Foot, and smother'd in the Dust. They are the Cedars, but we are the Shrubs.*

*And now the great and learn'd Sermons are all read over, perhaps the Men of the World maybe at Leisure to read a plain Sermon. I can tell thee, Reader, thou wilt find in it no fine Language, for it has never been in the Polisher's Hands; but 'tis as full of Truth, as an Egg is full of Meat. Thou wilt find nothing against the Government in it, but Abundance for it, and against its Enemies, the Tackers and High-Flyers.*

*And herein, I know, I have incurr'd the Hatred and Malice of that sort of People, whose good Word is a Man's Scandal, and whose ill Word is his Honour and Glory. Nor is it any Wonder, that they abuse her Majesty's good Friends, when they are so impudent as to abuse even her Majesty her self. Ungrateful Wretches, to abuse so good a Queen! And what's the Reason of it, I pray? Only because her Majesty is for Peace and Union, and will not suffer them to destroy the harmless Flock, the Friends.*

*And I have printed this to be sold for two Pence, that it might not be burdensome and chargeable to the Friends. And I do forewarn the Reader, and every Body else, That in Case the Pirate-Printers do surreptiously print this Sermon upon me, that the genuine Copy is only sold by our Friend Benjamin Bragge, and by none else.*

*And now, Reader, I bid thee farewell heartily, hoping thou wilt take in good Part, what I have held forth and publish'd for the Good, Instruction, and Edification of the Friends; I say, accept it favourably from*

*Thine in the Light, &c.*

THE



# THE Quakers Sermon ON THE UNION.

**M**Y Friends, the Men of the World, the Sons of Iniquity, and the wicked High-Church-Priests, do calumniate and abuse the Friends, the Children of the Light, commonly known by the Name of QUAKERS, of which Number all we of the Godly here present, are.

Now, my Friends and Brethren, be it known unto you all and singular, unto the Women of the Light, as well as to the Men, nay, even to the friendly Babes, that I don't value what the High-Church-Priests say of us. My Friends, I no more value what they say, than I do the Barking of a pernicious Cur-Dog as I pass along the Streets, or the Saying of that High-flying Bird of Perdition, by the Men of the World call'd a Parrot, when he calls after me, and cries out, a Quaker, a Quaker, a Quer! No, my Friends, I don't value what these impious Ones do say of us; but the honest Men speak Evil of us, and I am afraid too justly.

What the Light within me has discover'd to my outward Man, I also will discover unto you, my Friends, for I am set aloft in this Place of Holding-forth, as a Beacon on the Top of a Hill, to give Light unto the Children of the Light, nay, and also to the Children of Darkeness. The honest Men of the World say unto me, that we the Friends, commonly known by the Name of QUAKERS, have not Held-forth, or according to the Phrase of the World, Preach'd or Sermoniz'd on the Subject of the UNION.

Our good Queen ANN, with much Care and Pains, has brought this *Union* to pass, for the Good of every Body, nay, even for the Good of the Friends; and, say the Men of the World, What mean the *Quakers*, that they take no Notice of a Thing so very considerable? I say unto you, my Friends and Brethren, it is a Fault, a great Fault; and therefore this Day I will strike your Ears with a Stroke on this Subject.

The Church-men, (I mean the honest Church-men that are on the Side of Queen ANN, not the pernicious Non-jurors) the Presbyterians, the Anabaptists, the Independents, and all the Churches, except the High-flying Church of *England*, have preach'd on this Subject. And now, lo! I speak to that Point.

But, my Friends, I shall not, as the Men of the World do, take a Text, and make a long Splutter upon a few Words: I shall not, as they have done, speak of the *UNION*, but of its contrary and direct Opposite, *DISCORD*.

Then will the Men of the World say of me, and of you, that we are cross People, that all our Religion lies in Opposition and Stubbornness; that we will not do as others do, only because we will not. But will shew unto you and them, that to treat of *DISCORD*, on this Occasion, is more proper, than to speak of *UNION*.

Those that speak of *Union*, do, as the People say, put the Cart before the Horse; for *Discord* is before *Union*; and my Reason for so saying, is, because *Union* is after *Discord*. There must be Strife, Contention, and *Discord*, before there can be an *Union*. People can't be said to be reconcil'd, that never were at Variance. And therefore, without Vanity, I say it, my speaking of *Discord* is far more regular, than speaking of *Union*, because I begin at the right End; and so, I hope, it will be said of me and us, that we are more regular and orderly in our Discourses, than others our Brethren the Dissenters, nay, even than the Steeple-men themselves.

To speak of *Union*, is a lovely Subject: The Thing it self is lovely, and 'tis pleasant to speak of it, as it is to speak of a good and virtuous Wife, or a true and sincere Friend. *UNION* is from high Heaven and Queen ANN, but *DISCORD* is from the deep, low, bottomless *Abyss*, from Hell, and the *High-Flyers*: *UNION* is an *Angel*, but *DISCORD* is the *Devil*.

I have

I have read a Story, my Friends, of two Painters, that contended for Masterhip in Art: The one drew Grapes on a Wall, so much to the Life, that the mistaken Bird, came and peck'd at 'em, as if they had been natural Fruit. The other drew on the same Wall an ill-favour'd Fellow, like a *High-Flyer*, that frighted away the Birds. Now, which of these was the best Artist? Certainly the latter. And so shall I be, my Friends: 'Tis less Art to paint a beauteous *Angel*, than an ugly *Devil*. If I can so paint, and hold forth in Words this monstrous *Devil*, DISCORD, in its most ugly deform'd Shapes, I shall prove my self a better Painter, than those that have shewn UNION in all its Graces and exquisite Beauties; and to affrighten Men from *Discord*, is sending them to *Union*: A good and pious Work, if artfully perform'd. As our shewing the ugly Nature of Sin, is affrightening Men to Vertue, the Terrors of *Hell* and *Satan* causes Men to take a View of *GOD* and *Heaven*; to hate the one, and be in Love with the other. When the Disguise, the Mask of Iniquity, is thrown off, then Men become in Love with the Beauties of Vertue and Godliness.

There is no better Way of shewing you the ugly Nature of SIN, than by representing to Mankind the Mischiefs it has done in this lower World. Sin is *Discord*: It is a Disagreement with the eternal *GOD*, a Rebellion against the fundamental and establish'd Laws of Heaven: It was *Discord* that cast our first Parents, the unhappy Originals of Mankind, out of *Paradise*; it was what turn'd the Garden of *Eden* into a Wilderness, soft and delicate Plants into prickly Thorns, delicious Fruits into sower Grapes. From this black Fountain of *Discord*, has flow'd all the human Sweat, Toil, and Labour, that ever since the Fall has been intail'd on the miserable Posterity of our first Parents: Their *Disunion*, and *Discord* with *GOD*, brought Mankind, and even the Beasts of the Field, under hard Pressures and Bondage; and from them has the Spirit of *Discord* been diffus'd ever since, throughout the whole Creation.

We look right, when we look into the Originals and Causes of Things. By what Cause, and for what Reasons did our first Parents disagree, and fall out with their Maker? Was it not by the Temptations of a black *Devil*? And how is this fatal *Discord* continued, to embroil unhappy Mankind? Is it not by the Tem-



prations and Artifices of a *black High-flying Priesthood*?

And what was the Occasion of the first Discord betwixt the Creature and the Creator? Was it not about Empire and Supremacy? The Creature would not be bound by the equitable Law of Heaven, but broke thro' the Boundaries set him by his Maker, the Supreme Law-Giver. How did *Lucifer*, the Son of the Morning, and the Host of Angels, fall into utter Darkness? Was it not by attempting to dethrone the Almighty? Was not the Contention for Empire and Dominion, the Occasion of their Fall?

And is not the Spirit of *Discord* now reigning in the disobedient Children of High-Church, founded on the same Basis, a Struggle, and a wicked Struggle for Empire and Dominion?

As 'tis said of the Giants of old, how they invaded Heaven; so it is really seen how these invade the Queen's Prerogative, and attempt a Sovereign Empire and Dominion over the Consciences of their Fellow-Subjects.

That they invade the Queen's Prerogative, is plainly seen, in denying her a Supremacy, as Head of the Church, tho' that Dignity is essential to her high Office, as Queen of *Great Britain*, as has been fully prov'd to them by our Friend *John the Observer*.

What Instruments of *Discord* were these High-flying black Priests, at the last Election for Members of Parliament, when they went about the Country sowing the Seeds of Strife and Contention among the Queen's good Subjects, opposing the Queen's Friends, and promoting the Interest of those that were the Queen's Enemies, Lovers of *Discord* and Disunion? Insomuch, that had not the friendly and peaceable *Quakers* bestir'd themselves, with other the Dissenters, in Conjunction with the moderate, yet truly zealous Church-men, for the Queen's Interest, they might have accomplish'd their Design of bringing the Royal Dignity low, and the Liberty of the Subject to just nothing at all.

Take these High-flying Tacking Priests in their spiritual Capacity, as they term it, and they appear mutinous, rebellious, and harden'd in *Discord*: They fly in the Face of their spiritual Governours, the *Bishops*, who have a legal Jurisdiction over them, as the Queen has over the whole Church

Church of England, as it is establish'd by the Laws of the Realm.

And this Spirit of *Discord* in them, is the true Spirit of the Devil; for they oppose every Thing that is good. Tho' we are of a different Perswasion from the Governours of the Church of England, yet we must acknowledge them to be the best *Bishops* that have been in our Days, or that we find recorded in former Ages. My Friends, we may speak feelingly and sensibly in this Point; we han't yet forgot how much we suffer'd in the black Reign of that black King *Charles* the Second, when we were made a Prey to the Sons of Iniquity, the Informers, who plunder'd our Houses, and sold the Conveniencies of our Well-being before our Faces, taking from us the necessary Substinance of our earthly Tabernacles. We han't forgot, that then it was esteem'd good Service for the Men cloath'd with Beasts Hides, with the carnal Weapons on their Shoulders, commonly known by the Name of the City Train'd-Bands, to take the Friends by the Nose, and lead them from the Places of holding-forth, to the Goals and Dungeons, like so many Sheep to the Slaughter: I say, we can't have yet forgotten those Days of Tribulation and Bondage; and the Remembrance of those dark and cloudy Days, should serve to heighten the Thoughts of the Blessings, the Sunshine and Ease we now enjoy under the best of Queens, and the best of Bishops.

And this, my Friends, is the Occasion why the tacking Priests are become so much malignant; this is the Reason of their *Discord*, and Envy with and against the Friends, that by the gentle Reign of our good Queen *Ann*, their Nails are par'd so, that they cannot scratch the Disfenters, as they us'd to do: They are angry with their Governours, the Bishops, because they are not of the same persecuting Spirit with themselves. These are the *Leviathans* of High-Church, that think they sit safe no where, but on raging Billows; they are not those Sons of *Thunder* mention'd in the Scriptures, but the Sons of *Boreas*, delighting in Storms and Tempests; true Priests-Militants of the Church, that delight in Blood. Oh, my Soul, enter not into their Secrets! And let my righteous Spirit arise against them, whenever I make mention of their Name!

A spiritual Tyrant is much worse than a temporal or civil Tyrant, as much as the Soul is better than the Body. A civil Tyrant (but I think they ben't very civil Folk neither)

ther) can do Mischief only to my outward Man, my Estate and Goods, (all which are valuable in this Life) but not beyond it: But a Spiritual Tyrant, such a one lays a Force upon Conscience, and makes the Ordinances of Man, Terms of Salvation; his Malice reaches beyond the Grave, even to a future State; and such is the Empire the High-Church Tacking-Priests aim at, such is their Pride, such their Malice, and their Spirit of Discord and Persecution.

My Friends, these Tacking-Priests, what are they? From whence came they? If they were of God, God's Work they would do. Methinks 'tis terrible to pronounce any, as coming from the Devil; but these are of their Father the Devil, and his Works they will do.

And now, my Friends, han't we a fine Crew among us? Such as our Fore-fathers never knew, and such as we are ashamed of; such as have the Devil for their Father, the Pope for their Nuncle, the French King for their Ally, and would have PERKIN to be their King. These are the Tackers, whom all good Men would be glad to see, not tack'd up in their own Sense, but tack'd up in the Sense of him, whom the Men of the World call the *Finissher of the Law*.

And here, my Friends, I cannot help observing, that the High-Flyers and Tackers are the only People that fill the College of *Newgate*, and create so much Trouble to the *Lamb-skin* Men at the *Old Bailey*; ever now and then a Papist puts in for a Share; but the Papists and the Tackers are Cousin-Germans, and will shake Hands even at the Gallows; and that dry Tree at *Hyde-Park* Corner seems inclin'd to bear no other Sort of Fruit. But when do they find any of the Friends, or other the Dissenters, making their *Exits* at that Place?

And yet these Tacking-Priests would have us believe, that they are the only Priests, and that theirs is the only Church; when instead of being *Pillars*, they are the *Caterpillars* of the Church, and destroy every green Thing, do no Good, but devour and ruinate.

They say, theirs is the only true Church. Now, what do they mean by the Church? Why, nothing at all, but that Fabrick, call'd the *Steeple-House*; and because the Friends and Dissenters have not Steeples with Ding-Dongs in 'em affix'd to their Meeting-Houses, therefore they are not esteem'd as Churches. Poor ignorant Creatures!



tures! The Church is the Assembly of the Faithful met together to worship God, according to the Scriptures, by the Direction of the Spirit within us, and the Light it has shewn us. The Church is a living, not a dead inanimate Substance. It is the People, that compose the Church; 'tis not the Walls of the Steeple-House, that does it.

But the High-Church is the true Church, as they say: And the Tacking Non-juring Priests, are the proper Priests to administer the Sacraments, as *George Hickes*, the Non-juring Levite, has affirm'd in a Book he has lately written against the Queen, and the Peace of the Kingdom.

Now, my Friends, I do assert and affirm unto you, by the Light and the Truth which I have receiv'd, that the Sacraments are no proper Sacrifice, and that these Priests are no proper Priests to administer them.

I am apt to think, that these Priests are lineally descended from those under the *Levitical Law*, who were Butchers, as well as Priests, and slew the Sacrifice with their own Hands. That Manner of Offering is now extinct by a new Dispensation; the Priests are no longer Butchers, tho' the Cruelty of the Butcher is convey'd downwards, runs in the Blood of the Tacking-Levites, is inherent in their Natures; and for this Reason, I take it, the Wisdom of the *British Legislature* did exclude Priests and Surgeons from being Jurors, in Case of Life and Death, because they were Men of Blood.

Do you think, my Brethren and Friends, that these Priests are proper Priests to administer the holy Sacraments, who are Spit-Fires in the Pulpit, and out of it sow the Seed of Discord and Contention? That in wicked and scandalous Memorials abuse the Queen, her Ministry, and her good Subjects? That neglect their Preaching-Work, and the Souls of those committed to their Charge, and ride about the Country upon their Sorrel-Nags, to make Interest against the Queen's Friends at the Elections of Members to serve in Parliament? For Shame, ye Tacking-Priests, don't pretend to any Sanctity above other People, when your dissolute Lives encourage Atheism, and your Doctrines Slavery. You pretend to be proper Priests, when you can't properly be call'd either *Brittains*, or *Christians*.

My Friends, it is not long ago, as I walk'd the Streets, I saw a *Levite*, whom the Creature had overcome, and in whom the Light was extinguish'd, wallowing in the Kennel like a Swine. Now, my Friends, do any of you imagine this to be a proper Priest? Or, that ever God Almighty ordain'd the holy Sacraments to be administer'd by his un-sanctify'd Fists? Certainly no: Creatures more pure than these, are appointed to serve at the Altar.

Next, my Friends, how came the Sacraments to be a proper Sacrifice? Where there is Sacrifice, there is an Altar. But where is the Altar? I don't read of it in the *New Testament*. Every Man's own Heart may properly be call'd an Altar; but the proper Priest at this Altar, is the Man himself, who offers up to God Almighty the Sacrifice of a broken and contrite Spirit. The Sacraments are no proper Sacrifice; for the Priest offers up nothing for the People. By Faith, Love, and new Obedience, they are made Partakers of the Benefits of the Ordinance, and thus they offer up for themselves; the Priest is only a Servant at the Altar, as some of the best Church-men have acknowledg'd.

But to tell you the Truth, my Friends, these Tacking-Priests can be proper Priests in no Respect whatsoever. They are a Sort of Land *Mer-men*, half Fish and half Flesh, and yet are *neither Fish, Flesh, nor good red Herring*, but black Somethings, that disturb both the Church and the State, the Queen and the People.

They cannot be Priests after the *Levitical Order*, or the *Jewish Oeconomy*. They may indeed perform the Butcher's Part, in killing the Sacrifice; but 'tis to be fear'd, they would rather sacrifice the Friends, and the other Dissenters, than the Blood of Bulls and of Goats. And, to be sure, we should then have no *Peace-Offerings* from them; for they are given to Strife, Envy, and Confusion.

And now, my Friends, I come to the Application of what I have held forth, for the common Good of you, and every Body else; and in this I shall give you two Uses, 1st, Of Reproof, and 2dly, Of Exhortation.

1st. Of Reproof. You are to be reprov'd, my Friends, yea, and I must reprove you, according to the Light which I have receiv'd. You are the Children of the Light; but you walk as if in Darkness, as if the Light shone not. But I would have you thoroughly illuminated in the inward and the outward Man; in the inward Man, that the Light  
within

within you might lead you in the safe Road to Salvation : in the outward Man, that the Eyes of your Reason might be open'd, that you might see the Wiles and Wickedness, the Craft and Cozenage, the Knavery and Villainy of the Tacking-Priests, and their Party : So that you may pass your Pilgrimage through the Wilderness of this World, without being bitten or stung by that Generation of Vipers, who are the Seed of the crooked Serpent.

My Friends, we are all to blame ; I reprove my self as well as you ; we have taken so much Care to look after the Light within us, that we have overlook'd those dark and black evil Spirits, that surround us without, who stand ready with their Bellows of Contention, to puff and blow out the Light. And of this we have excus'd our selves, by saying, that it was none of our Business, that belong'd to the Men of the World ; our Business was to keep the Light within us in a shining Condition.

Now, my Friends, that this Use of Reproof may also tend to Edification and Instruction, I will fairly argue the Point with you, and lay down this Position : *That the Friends, or the People commonly call'd Quakers, ought to be as much concern'd about the Civil Government of the Kingdom, as any other Sort of People that live in it.*

But here, my Friends, I must distinguish and set Things in a clear Light : I don't mean, that the Friends should concern themselves in the Government, but *about* the Government ; i. e. they should not attempt to get Offices and Places in the Government, but they should concern themselves *about* the Government, i. e. concerning the Support and Establishment of it. But all this while, I mean a righteous Government, such as is the Government of Queen ANN.

We ought to live in this World, as not enjoying it ; not setting our Hearts upon it, as if it were of eternal Duration ; we ought not to value the good Things and Comforts of this Life, as if in them there was any real Satisfaction that can, in the least Measure, satisfy the Desires of an immortal Soul. But we ought to behave our selves as Travellers to another and better Country ; and if this World be an Inn, wherein we are to lodge as but for a Night, during that Stay we ought to keep our Doors close lock'd and barr'd against Robbers, Thieves, and Cut-throats.

Whilst we are here, we make a Part of the Men of the World ; we have the same Freedom by Birth-right, as any other *Britains* ; our Property is the same as theirs ;

and



and if we will not be equally diligent and vigilant to watch them in Defence of our Property, plainly, my Friends, we throw up and relinquish our Right, and do not deserve to be esteem'd as *Britains*, but as willing Slaves.

Many of you, my Friends, are Free-holders in this Kingdom, either by Patrimony or Purchase; now, your Free-hold, in its self, is not so valuable, as the Right and Property annex'd and inseparable from that Free-hold. What signifies an Estate, if it is in the Power of any one to deny me a peaceable and quiet Possession? The Free-holders in *France*, (one can't properly call them so) what do their Lands of Possession signify, when 'tis in the Power of their Tyrant to take half the Income, or more, if he pleases, to himself? Some tell me, that a Person inheriting 100 *l. per Annum*, has seldom more than 25 *l.* of that 100 *l.* to himself, in that Country.

My Friends, would you be willing to live under such a Government as this? Would you have Estates without a Title, but such as your Tyrant pleases? I am perswaded you would not: And to this deplorable Condition you must be brought, if you don't stand up in Defence of this Government. If you lose this good Queen, as the Tackers and Perkinites would have us do, a *French* Government, wooden Shoes, and arbitrary Power, must be the Consequence of it; which, I am satisfy'd, will not suit very well with any of your Stomachs: I am sure mine rises to think of it.

Now, the only Way for you to secure your selves in the legal Possession of your Rights, is, to stand by your Queen, who administers Justice with a steady Hand. The Rights of the People, and the Prerogatives of the Crown, are to be alike supported, and by the same Methods: The Interest of this Queen, and the Liberty of the Subject, are inseparable; one cannot be damag'd, but the other must suffer with it.

It has not been so in some former Reigns: In the luxurious Reign of King *Charles* the 2d, when Vice was triumphant, and all Manner of Wickedness was in Fashion; when poor Vertue was in Disgrace, and banish'd the Court; when Godliness was reputed a Crime, and was forc'd to retreat to the obscure Parts of the Land; then, I say, the Interest of the Prince and the People were not the same; for then a *French* Government and Popery was creeping in upon us to our Ruin, which was effected in the Reign of King *James* the 2d; and we had all been ruin'd, we must have

have been Slaves and Papists, or murder'd or massacre'd, had we not been deliver'd by King *William*.

My Friends, don't you remember how evilly intreated the Friends were, at that Time, by those that call'd themselves High-Church-men, who are Tackers now? How they sold our Goods for a Song, turn'd us out of House and Home, and took Possession, as if they had been licens'd Freebooters and Robbers of the Church? Thus they did the Pope's and the Devil's Work; and had the Revolution been retarded but for a few Months longer, you would have found 'em all Popelings. The Tacking-Priests would all of 'em have been reconcil'd to the Church of *Rome*, according to the Example of their Brother *Stater*, the Parish-Priest of *Pitney*, and *Obadiah Walker*, of the famous University of *Oxford*.

Now, to secure the Queen's Government and our own Liberties, against the evil Devices and wicked Practices of these Men, you that have Votes at Elections of Members to serve in Parliament, be sure to vote for the Queen's Friends; her Friends are our Friends; and our Friends must be her Friends; if we are not, both she and we shall have too many Enemies. Our Enemies, the Tackers, are united among themselves to ruin and destroy the Government; and we ought to be firmly united in the Preservation of it.

The Tackers can no Ways effect their Designs, but by getting a Parliament of their own Kidney; and this was what they aim'd at, in their famous Bill, to prevent Occasional Conformity: For by that Bill, none of the Friends, or other Dissenters, could have a Vote at Elections, so that none but the Church-men were to chuse; and, by that Means, they thought to make themselves perpetual Dictators in the House of Commons; and what would they not have done, had not our noble Patriots, the Peers, stood up in Defence of Liberty and Property, and frustrated their wicked Designs? And then came on the Project of the TACK; the Queen must have no Money, if she wou'd not pass the Occasional Bill; she must pass all, or none. Oh! Wretches! barbarous to so good a Queen!

Now, my Friends, this was perfectly enslaving all the Dissenters in the Kingdom, by taking away the Privileges we are born to: My Right of Voting, is annex'd to my Free-hold, and they may as well take away my Free-hold, as my Right of Voting: And why should Religion be thrown as a Stumbling-Block in the Way of our civil Liberties?

beries? I do not vote as a *Quaker*, but as a *Britann*; and yet, my Friends, Religion is greatly concern'd herein, for could they have carry'd the Occasional Bill, or have managed the TACK, as they hop'd for, and expected, then their *Tolleration* ~~Act~~ would soon have been repeal'd, and a more terrible Persecution would have follow'd, than either we, or our Fore-fathers ever knew or felt. And this brings me to the last Use of this Text which I propos'd, in which I shall be short; and which is,

Secondly, A Use of Exhortation. And certainly I believe every Friend here present knows within himself, that I mean to exhort you to PEACE and UNION among your selves, and to stand firm and fix'd to the Queen and her Interest; for in doing so, you not only do the Thing that is just and right, but you do Good to your selves, and your Posterity after you.

My Friends, we are the Children of the Light, and yet too too many of us have been in the Dark in Relation to Civil Affairs. The Eyes of our Understandings were never open'd that Way, till the last Election; and what open'd them then? Why, Occasional Bills, Tacks, and a dismal Prospect of Persecution; the Loss of our Queen and Government were in View, as was a *French* Government, and a *Popish* Pretender. As they rous'd their wicked Natures against the Queen, her Government, and Ministry; so we rous'd our righteous Spirits on their Behalf, and united in their common Defence.

It was the first Time, that ever the Friends made so good an Appearance at the Elections; they were united throughout the Kingdom for the Queen and her Friends; very few went contrary, only such as were not thoroughly enlighten'd, as a few about *Agmondesham*, a Remnant, but small, in whom the Light only glimmer'd, and shone not.

My Friends, to conclude, I humbly desire, request, and intreat you, as you have receiv'd the Light, to walk worthy of it; not as in Darkness with the wicked Band of Tackers, but that you again will be industrious at the Elections in chusing the Queen's Friends, and Men of Moderation and Union; by this Means, you will rivet the Interest of the best of Queens, compleat your own Happiness, and frustrate the Designs of the Enemies of Queen and People. By this Means, you will secure to your Posterity the same Happiness your selves now enjoy, and in a few Years not so much as the Name of a TACKER shall be heard of in these Lands.

F I N I S